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him to put off his journey till he had made a home for them; and could leave them comfortably provided for in the event of his death. Her reasoning prevailed. The very next day Harding purchased a farm of one hundred and fifty acres, and having made a contract for a house to be built upon it, he started for Washington, leaving his family for the winter with his father and mother. The season at Washington was a successful one for him. It was his first introduction into what is called good society. The plain man was modest almost to bashfulness in the circle to which his genius had introduced him; but his good sense, simplicity, and kindness made him everywhere a welcome guest, and attracted to him friendship, as his pictures brought him fame. While spending a part of the next summer at Northampton, Mass., Harding was warmly urged to establish himself in Boston. He did so, early in 1823, and succeeded beyond his highest expectations. Sitters flocked to his studio, in such numbers that he had to keep a book for them to register their names. Probably no other American artist ever enjoyed so great popularity. Gilbert Stuart, in Harding's own estimation, the greatest portrait-painter this country ever produced, then in his prime, was idle half that winter. He used to ask his friends, "How rages the Harding fever?"

But popularity did not intoxicate the artist. He viewed it chiefly as a means of hastening the accomplishment of his long-cherished purpose, and though after having painted eighty portraits, he had still a greater number of applicants awaiting their turn, he decided to go to Europe at once. He reached London in the autumn of 1823, and directly began his studies. Leslie met him cordially. He received encouragement and commendation from Sir Thomas Lawrence, and through the influence of his fellow-countryman, Mr. Hunter, obtained a commission to paint the portrait of his Royal Highness, the Duke of Sussex, which was, of course, the best introduction to general favor. Among the other celebrities who sat to him, either during this visit to England or a subsequent one, were the Duke of Hamilton, the Duke of Norfolk, Alison the historian, and Samuel Rogers. Harding remained abroad three years.

The latter part of Chester Harding's life is but a repetition of successes in his profession. His portraits of Daniel Webster are acknowledged to be among the best ever painted. The one in the Boston Athenæum is perhaps a fair example of his style. A characteristic of his portraits was a suggestiveness. They seem to give us, not only the prominent expression of the countenance at the moment, but the possibilities of its expression in other moods. Hints of temperament and character lurk in the fine lines which Nature draws upon the living face; the more observable features really have but little part in the changing play of the countenance. And in Harding's portraits the chief excellence is their thorough comprehension of the subject, their representation of the man, and not simply of the conformation of his features at a particular period.

In his private life, Harding was, to the last, simple-hearted, unostentatious, and genial. His friendships were as tender as a woman's, and as enduring as his life. With Webster he enjoyed an intimacy of many years, and some of his happiest hours were spent in the unrestrained intercourse of Webster's family circle.

He was fond of relating the following anecdote, "I had a few bottles of old Scotch whiskey, such as Wilson and Scott have immortalized under the name of 'mountain dew.' This beverage is always used with hot water and sugar. I put a bottle of this whiskey into my overcoat-pocket, one day when I was going to dine with Mr. Webster; but I thought, before presenting it to him I would see who was in the drawing-room. I put the bottle on the entry table, walked into the drawing-room, and seeing none but the familiar party, said, 'I have taken the liberty to bring a Scotch gentleman to partake of your hospitality to-day.' 'I am most happy, sir,' was the reply. I walked back to the entry, and pointed to the

bottle. 'Oh,' said he, 'that is the gentleman that bathes in hot water.'

As the years went on, and Harding's children, one by one, settled in homes of their own—his faithful and dearly beloved wife, the sharer of his varied fortunes, having died in 1845—he divided his time between attention to his profession, visits to these new homes, where he was always welcomed most gladly, and his favorite recreation of fishing. The last winter of his life was spent in St. Louis, and there he painted his last picture, the portrait of General Sherman. His hand had not lost its cunning. The portrait is one of his best. March 27, 1866, he started for Cape Cod, his favorite resort for fishing at that season. Stopping for a few days, on his way, at Boston, he complained of slight illness, and almost before his danger was realized by those around him, he sank away to death. This was on April 1. Harding had loved Boston better than any other spot where he had rested in his wanderings. "I feel," he says, "that I owe more to it than to any other place; more of my professional life has been spent in that city than anywhere else; and it is around it that my most grateful recollections cluster."

His tall, patriarchal form was familiar to Bostonians. During the later years of his life he wore a full beard, which, with his hair, was silvery white, and a short time before his death he sat to an artist for a head of St. Peter. The artists of Boston publicly acknowledged their loss of "a genial companion, and a noble, and generous rival." A later age may estimate more truly the value of his works; but the lesson of his life is for this country and for to-day.

#### ART MATTERS.

The Brooklyn Art Association gave a reception at the Brooklyn Academy of Music on Tuesday evening of this week. It is of course needless to say that beautiful women and sheepish looking Brooklyn cavaliers were there in large numbers.

There are two distinctive peculiarities in the population of the "City of Churches"—the surpassing beauty of the female portion thereof, and the curious lack of expression noticeable in the faces of the young men. Why this should be I know not, but the fact is undoubted, and strikes the more enlightened New Yorker with great force whenever he may venture across the water in search of Art, Music, or the Drama, in all of which Brooklyn is greatly favored.

The Brooklyn Art Association has now become an established thing; good management and efficient officers have brought it to a rare state of excellence, and it can now hold its own among the largest associations of like character in the country. In view of this, it would appear to indicate bad judgment to attempt the establishment of a similar institution, and the gentlemen who have founded the Brooklyn Academy of Design certainly deserve greater credit as artists than as men of business.

Even in New York it is found impossible to maintain more than one art institution, the National Academy, and it is not to be expected that Brooklyn, a much smaller city, can surpass its more powerful rival.

The Brooklyn Art Association covers exactly the same ground as is proposed by the new Academy; it has its schools, its annual exhibitions, and has lately purchased a plot of ground on which to erect a suitable building. In short, it is the first in the field, and by the untiring efforts of its officers has won a place in the esteem of the Brooklynites which no rival establishment

can hope to gain. Let the new Academy join forces with the Art Association and together they will form a powerful and influential body.

The exhibition of Tuesday evening was a great success, not only in the number and beauty of the ladies present, but in the number and beauty of the pictures exhibited, many of which were there seen for the first time.

Going through the collection in the order of the catalogue, the first picture which demands attention is "The Botanist," by T. C. Farrar. If any man be a disciple of the ultra preraaphaelite school, here is a picture which must teach him the error of his ways. It is a painted sermon against that paintless of all theories.

A young girl, or rather what is supposed to be a young girl, is sitting in a field studying the bunch of flowers which she holds in her hand. After careful study I have arrived at the conclusion that no human being could possibly sit in the position this young girl is sitting. After careful study I have also arrived at the conclusion that no human being could be proportioned as this young girl is proportioned. Mr. Farrar has evidently had the same feeling and kindness to suffering humanity, and made his young girl of a texture very much resembling cast iron. The landscape has shared the same fate. Not to be ironical, pardon the badness of the pun, Mr. Farrar's "Botanist" as a specimen of iron-work is undoubtedly clever, but as a specimen of painting is just as undoubtedly bad.

"A Fog, Adirondacks," by J. A. Parker, Jr., is worthy of but little remark save for the curious natural phenomenon introduced therein, to wit: a *circular rainbow*! Circular rainbows may be peculiarities of the Adirondacks, but I am forced to say I never saw one there.

"Coast Scene," by Wm. Hart, is a brilliant sunset effect, rich and luminous in color, and painted with great purity of feeling and sentiment.

Gignoux's "Spring" is a perfectly delicious picture; fresh, sparkling, full of delicate color, and in every way a perfect gem.

Bellows' "A Day in the Woods," which has already been noticed in these columns, is another charming work of art; fully realizing in its finished condition all the promise of excellence it gave when on the artist's easel.

"Playing Two Games at the same time," by L. E. Wilmarth, is far in advance of the picture exhibited by the gentleman at the last Academy Exhibition; it represents a young and gallant cavalier, who, while playing at chess with a venerable old gentleman, is making love across the table to a fair young girl who is standing behind her father's chair. The expression of the faces is full of character, while the painting of the drapery and accessories is really excellent, displaying great elaboration of detail and richness of color.

"The Initials," by Homer, is one of those clever little *genre* pictures in which Mr. Homer is successful. A very pretty young lady is carving her name upon a tree, and when the visitor looks at this and then compares it with "The Botanist," a picture very similar in character, he must confess that preraaphaelitism must hide its diminished head.

W. J. Linton, the greatest of engravers, exhibits six specimens of his skill, the best of which is "Peacock and Fruit," in which the gentleman has succeeded wonderfully in reproducing the soft, feathery feeling of the bird.

"Venice," by Tilton.—Who is Tilton? Is he so far above his brother artists that he scorns to affix the initials to his name? His "Venice" is decidedly a very bad picture, but for all that my mind is troubled and my spirit is sorely vexed to know who Tilton is.

"Sunshine and Shower," by J. M. Hart, is a fine picture, and is the same that was exhibited at Snedecor's Gallery, when it was fully noticed in these columns.

"Landscape near Elizabethtown, Essex Co., N. Y.," by R. W. Hubbard, is painted in the gentleman's best style. As the picture will probably be exhibited in the coming Academy Exhibition I shall reserve a notice of it until that time.

"Horrors on horrors accumulate."

"The meeting of Dante and Beatrice," by D. G. Rossetti. A magnificent specimen of pre-raphaelitism; discarding cast iron, Mr. Rossetti has adopted woolen work and gives us a picture composed of that elegant and useful material which might do honor to the most aspiring of school girls.

"Portrait," by Miss M. J. Macdonald. A strong, vigorously drawn pencil portrait of one of our leading physicians. Full of character and expression.

"Against His Will," by J. G. Brown. One of those quiet, delicious little bits of human nature in which Mr. Brown takes such great delight. A timid, bashful school boy, full of verdancy, has been seized by a somewhat forward little girl who is making the most desperate love to him, while her little sister is standing by, open-mouthed, wondering at the audacious impudence of the whole affair. The painting is in every way admirable, while the character and expression of the figures introduced is pure, simple and undiluted nature.

I would fain speak farther of the exhibition, but space forbids; suffice it to say that it proved a decided success, the pictures, for the most part, being excellent, the music ditto, the young women, ditto, their dress, ditto, and the young men otherwise.

#### PALETTE.

THE ESTERHAZY JEWELS, which have for centuries been almost a legend of fairy-land, have passed into the hands of the dealers, and have reached London. The last prince of the Esterhazys died in the early part of 1866 deeply in debt, and these famous jewels found their way to his creditors, and, the London *Times* says, are for sale by Mr. Boore, No. 54 Strand. "The account of them is interesting. Their arrival and intended sale in this country have created a sort of panic in the diamond market, where the prices have ruled extraordinarily high, and this sudden consignment of jewels, containing more than fifty thousand brilliants—many of them of immense value, to say nothing of the emeralds, rubies, topazes, and pearls—has of course had a certain effect upon present prices. The most conspicuous and the most valuable among all these splendid ornaments, is the di-

amond, or plume of diamonds, which, in place of ordinary feathers, Prince Nicholas used to wear in his Hussar cap. This is said to be the largest diamond ornament in the world. The plumes contain nearly five thousand brilliants, which weigh in the aggregate a pound and a half. The height of the whole ornament is sixteen inches, and its width ten inches, every part being built up of clear set diamonds of the purest color. With this round the Hussar cap is worn a loop and tassel of rows of pearls and brilliants, and the tassel and pendants contain some stones of great price. The diamond-mounted sword and scabbard are quite in keeping with the head-dress, and are of brilliants of the rarest kind. The short belt, however, which is meant to hang from the shoulder to the waist, is, perhaps, the most valuable of all. It is a mere band of the finest diamonds and pearls, one stone at the top being estimated at the value of £20,000, and one at the bottom at £12,000. With these, among snuff-boxes and single diamonds, are shown the late Prince's orders.

"The gradual progress of the taste for jewelry can be easily traced in these latter. There are no less than six orders of the Golden Fleece. The first is the ordinary order, in itself sufficiently magnificent, but from this larger and more valuable ones have been successively made, till the fifth and sixth are probably, of their kind, unequalled by any jewelled orders in the world. The fifth is composed entirely of the largest and finest brilliants, with the fleece formed in yellow diamonds. The sixth jewel is of diamonds and emeralds, and contains what is said to be the best formed and best colored emerald of its size which is known to exist. With these are also the orders of the Bath and St. Andrew in diamonds. It is, however, in the pearl suit, as it is called, that the extravagant ostentation of the Prince is most strikingly and most conspicuously displayed. This is the full uniform of a general of Hungarian hussars, and every part of its massive and singularly beautiful embroidery—jacket, pelisse, and trousers—is formed entirely of costly pearls. The weight of this superb costume is such as would be cumbersome to men of ordinary strength even for a short time. It is calculated that more than a peck of pearls, some of great beauty and value, have been used in the adornment of this suit alone. The exquisite patterns in which the gems are sewn on are almost more worthy of admiration than the pearls themselves. The whole collection will remain on view at Mr. Boore's for some two or three weeks to come. The display is well worth seeing, not only for its extraordinary value and splendor, but as a still more extraordinary illustration of the length to which personal display can rise even among men, when once the passion is indulged in."

HOW A LIFE-SUCCESS MAY HANG UPON A CHANCE.—Mme. Pasca the applauded actress of the Gymnase was an amateur before she went on the boards. Her history is worth telling. Pasca is a pseudonym. Her husband is a wealthy Lyons merchant, and so was her father; he gave her \$80,000 in dowry upon her marriage. She lived quietly and happily in that silken city until the tarentula of the stage stung her—dance or rather play then she must. Her family begged and entreated her to be contented with peace and happiness—blessings which are far from being the possessions of everybody—and not to give chase

to the horizon line, fame. She was deaf to their prayers, blind to their tears. She turned her back on home, I believe, separated from her husband, and came here. She was a constant attendant at the theatres to study her art. She applied to manager after manager to engage her; of course she was unsuccessful. Paris is full of stage-struck girls who are sure they have but to appear before the foot-lights for an enthusiastic audience to rise and bawl themselves hoarse shouting!

Behold the heiress of Rachel's mantle! or There is the successor of Mars!

There are no creatures in the world so averse from experiments as Parisian managers.

You may be thrice-refined gold; if you are not stamped with the image and superscription of some Cæsar, go your way, they would not accept your copper change.

When they asked Mme. Pasca for the list of her victories, for a sight of the crowns she had gathered, and she could show neither, they bowed her to the door.

One night somebody gave a benefit, at which Mme. Ristori appeared. The bill presented a combination of attractions which was rare even in those days of benefits which last till three o'clock in the morning. Every seat was sold before the box office closed, and bills were posted all around the theatre to announce the ticket office would not be opened that night. A young woman who had neglected to procure a ticket tried to make her way in with feminine obstinacy. The soldier on duty had actually to present his bayonet to prevent her from entering by assault, and as she persisted in attempting to get in he and the policeman were consulting seriously whether they would not be justified in arresting her. A gentleman stood by and observed the extraordinary ardor of this amateur of theatricals. Just as the policeman was about proceeding to the lady's arrest, this bystander said: "Is it a matter of any importance to you to witness the performance?" "Yes sir, of great importance. I have never seen Mme. Ristori play, and nobody knows if she will ever play again in Paris. I should never console myself for having missed the opportunity to study so excellent a model." "Be good enough, Madame, to accept my arm. I have a box and I am delighted to offer you a seat in it." She took his arm, they entered, they talked between the acts, and the gentleman was soon satisfied the person with him was really animated with that "devil in the body," as Voltaire called it, that "enthusiasm," as Clay called it, which is essential to success. At the close of the performance the host said in taking leave of his guest (who had told him her story): "Come to see me at Passy, the Manager of the Gymnase Dramatique is my neighbor and friend. He is good enough to think I know something about the theatre. I will introduce you to him and I am quite sure he will consent to give you a hearing for my sake. The rest will depend on you. My name is Jules Janin; here is my card."

She went out to see him in a few days. He fulfilled his promise. The Manager of the Gymnase was pleased with her. She made her first appearance at the Gymnase as the Baronne d'Ange in "Le Demi Monde" with success, and has remained there, making continual progress in her art, and in popular favor.

What air from a favorite opera does a young mouse sing to its mother?

"Hear me gnaw-ma."